

PICK YOUR MAN AND SHOOT TWO BITS! SEND A QUARTER TO NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS WITH THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF A SERVICE MAN NOT A LEGIONNAIRE. READ THE DETAILS OF THE MEMBER-GETTING PLAN ON PAGE 23

The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

MARCH 28, 1924

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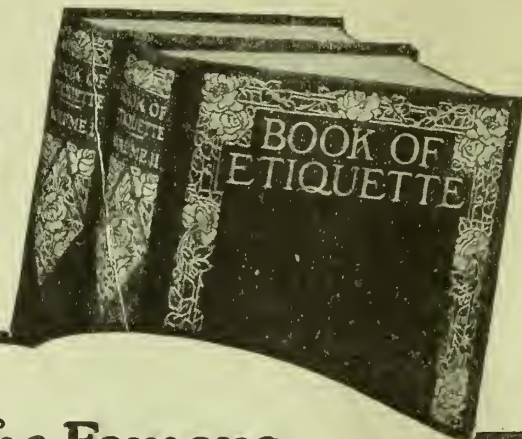
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J. C. GOEMAAT

For the Last Time!



The Famous Book of Etiquette

ONLY \$1.98

If You Act Quickly



"Goodbye! I'm Very Glad to Have Met You."

But he ISN'T glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment he has just experienced. Every day people who are not accustomed to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is?



Again She Orders—
"A Chicken Salad, Please."

She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why HAD she ordered that again? He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She wasn't sure of herself. She didn't really KNOW.



What's Wrong in This Picture?

It is so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public. There is, for instance, the very obvious mistake that is being made in this picture. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out? Perhaps there are more mistakes than one—what do YOU think?

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Etiquette is the armor that protects us from little unexpected embarrassments. A spoon incorrectly used. Olives taken with the fork. An introduction wrongly acknowledged. A dance or party at which one feels "alone," out of place. A tea at which one is "tongue-tied"—unable to converse pleasantly, unable to do or say with ease the things that are correct.

These are the things that invariably cause us great embarrassment. And they can be avoided! You can know just what to do and say on every occasion. Etiquette will protect you from making impulsive blunders, will be an armor that guards you from embarrassments and humiliation. Etiquette will make you a better "mixer," a better conversationalist; it will make you sure of yourself, confident of your own social powers.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly

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MARCH 28, 1924

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PAGE 3

MACDONALD says that if there had been a superman in the road business all this might have been foreseen twenty years ago. But there was none. Supermen run very few to the hill. So the big idea did not take form until 1916.

Thomas H. MacDonald is chief of the Government's Bureau of Good Roads. He has been in the road business all his life—began away back in 1904, when it became his duty to hold down the

Broad Highways of Democracy

By Herbert Corey

man is to be his own master of transportation. He can start when and where he lives and go as long as he wants to and where he pleases. It is the greatest theory of transportation the world has ever seen."

THIS is not a story about MacDonald, but I'm bound to quote him, because he gave me a vision of the great new plan. Up to this time, he says, there has never been a complete system of transportation anywhere. Think it over. You plan to go from your home at Marysville to visit your sister Mary Ellen at Cross Junction. Or you ship your wheat or cotton from one point to another.

"If you are going visiting," says MacDonald, "you either walk to the rail-



A stretch of the Jefferson Highway near De Queen, Arkansas, before and after treatment. What'll you take, mud or gravel?

screaming farmer and force concrete culverts down his throat. One might say the Big Idea grew right there, although it would be doing MacDonald more credit than he asks to suggest that it began with him. There were no supermen around just then, as he admits. The Big Idea grew all of itself. By and by it got so big that it couldn't help but be noticed. And here it is:

"The American people," says MacDonald, "are trying an experiment in transportation. No one has ever tried it before. No people could, for the elements that go to make it up have never been present before.

"We are equipping ourselves," says he, "with 15,000,000 pieces of rolling stock and asking the Government to provide us with the roadbed. Every



road station or else you ride in some sort of a vehicle. And when you get to the other end you either walk or ride. The same thing happens to your cotton or wheat. The system has not been a complete one. The railroad or the canal or the ocean steamer or whatever it is that you travel the principal distance on only furnishes the middle link of the chain. You must supply the connecting link at either end yourself."

YOU get the Big Idea? Nowadays all you have to do is to walk out to the garage and crank the car. You step in at your own door and step out, in a manner of speaking, at Mary Ellen's. The new system of transportation does not and never will supplant the rail and water transport of today. It is collateral to it, a subsidiary. It not only makes travel more easy, more comfortable, but it is building up business. The roads are dotted with road-houses, most of them pretty poor. It seems sometimes that the first thought of any woman who has failed in something else is to open a chicken and waffle shop somewhere on a highway. It has knocked the bottom out of a large part of the small-town hotel business, and revived old time inns that were stopping points for coaches about the time Washington crossed the Delaware.

More than that, it has created a new system of truck transportation. Hereafter railroads and boats must be considered as a means of feeding terminal stations. Each railroad village, in a way, becomes an end of the road. From it the hinterland will be nourished by trucks. Interurban railroads are being strengthened or hamstrung by the new idea, dependent on their position. The railroads had cause to fear the trucks at one time. Now they have not. They can get back to their own

proper business of operating main lines while the small and to them unprofitable feeders—unprofitable in the sense that their only value has been to bring freight to the main stem—will be replaced by gasoline wagons. Here is a proof of it:

"In three years," says MacDonald, "the trucks have so expanded their business that thirty-six percent of the milk that reaches Baltimore comes on them."

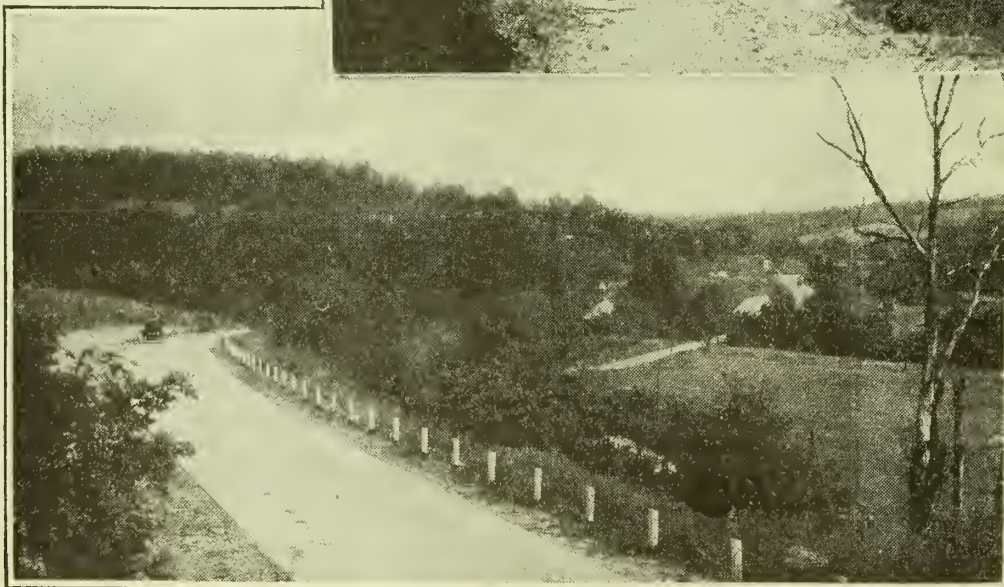
Pretty hard on the railroad, you'd say. Not a bit of it. The railroads are hauling just as much milk into Baltimore as they ever did—maybe more. The difference is that more milk is getting into the city. It is not hard to figure out what that means to the farmers of the Baltimore district, and to the babies of Baltimore. The same thing is going on, although not in the identical proportion, almost everywhere else.

"Almost three million miles of country roads are being called upon to serve the new system," says MacDonald. And here is the climax of his story: "Not until the last year has the highway traffic of this country been considered as an entity."

We used to think of good roads in pieces. A good road ran past my granddad's farm, and another ran into Marysville, and another into Columbus. But they were barred off from each

other by dirt roads. During dry weather you traveled in a pillar of cloud by day. In bad weather you navigated a dirt road hub-deep. No one was to blame for not having a more comprehensive idea of good-roads possibilities. A system of good roads was not needed then. What was needed was enough good roads so that one could get into the county seat. It was a good team that could haul a light wagon fifty miles a day, and no team could go on at that rate very long. Then the automobile came and conditions changed almost overnight. The superman might have foreseen what was certain to happen, as MacDonald says. But there was no superman. It took the war to give a real kick to the good-roads business. Now the day is in sight when "we can start at any county seat in the United States and go to any other county seat over a good road every foot of the way."

A GOOD road nowadays does not mean a road that can be ploughed through. Read Dickens's "American Notes," if you want a line on what the main-traveled roads in this country used to be. The best of them were corduroy. The worst were holes, wallows, dust, rocks, stumps, mud, through which the straining horses pulled the



No, good roads don't spoil the landscape. Note how the view has been improved by this government-assisted change from dirt to concrete. Incidentally a grade crossing has been eliminated. The scene is Pennsylvania

coaches at two miles an hour when they were lucky. A good road now is one on which you can step along at thirty-five miles an hour without endangering a spring, on which trucks can haul capacity loads at the legal speed limit. And talking of the difference between good roads and bad roads MacDonald says:

"One of these days gasoline will cost more than it does now. Of course, something may be discovered to take its place. Something will be discovered. But it is safe to say that the day will come when gas will cost a great deal more than it does now."

All right, then—
(Con. on page 20)



His improvised sabotage got in its fine work after another mile, when the ignition system suddenly collapsed

VII

BILL PATTERSON, facing a man who simply couldn't be where Bill's eyes, hitherto trustworthy enough, assured him he was, caught his breath. He did try, desperately hard, to show no signs of his confusion, his astonishment, his utter and complete bewilderment. That was sheer instinct. Bill's whole life, and, especially, some feverish months of it in France, had taught him never to give away his hand; always to sit, behind a pair of deuces or a pat straight flush, with precisely the same expression. And, considering his amazement at the sight of Winston, looking at him across his desk, Bill came pretty close to living up to that rule.

The thing was one of those things that simply isn't so because it can't be. Bill Patterson knew that; so soon as his mind really began to work again, after the first shock, he knew that. Winston couldn't possibly have reached this room before Bill. Not with any agencies of transportation which could conceivably have been at his command. An airplane might have brought him—but Bill was ready to swear that no airplane had.

No—the thing was flatly impossible. Therefore—it wasn't so. What he saw didn't matter. What he might presently hear wouldn't matter, either. There was some explanation of this thing that lay within the bounds of reason, and presently it would develop. Meanwhile, Bill, having due regard for the gun with which Chuck had insured

his progress into the room, saw his line plainly—to keep still until he heard a cue.

"Found this bird noseyin' around outside," said Chuck, who, as Bill was to realize, had cultivated a terseness of speech wholly admirable. "Pullin' some line about Miss Barbara's telephonin'—see? And we ain't heard a word from her—see? So I brung him in."

"Quite right," said Winston. "What do you want, young man?"

At the sound of his voice Bill started. And immediately, as if some veil that had obscured his sight had been lifted, he saw a score of ways in which this man at the desk did not, after all, look like Winston. The resemblance was marvelous; unless you were warned—put, in some fashion, on your guard—it would be bound to deceive you. But this was not Winston.

Bill's mind worked quickly now. He knew this was not Winston. There was a definite fact. But—did this man know he knew it? He could see the way the man was watching him; the tenseness that underlay his affectation of ease; the gathering of all his forces, physical and nervous. Bill laughed. And it was a very good laugh indeed; slightly nervous and embarrassed.

"I'd better introduce myself, I think,

Governor," he said, easily. "I see that I've managed to become a suspicious character. Miss Winston was going to telephone, but I suppose she couldn't get through by long distance."

He didn't look as if he were thinking hard and desperately fast, but he was.

"You see—she's staying with the Derwents, and so'm I—my name is Patterson, by the way—you may have heard her speak of me—Bill Patterson?"

THE other man's gesture might have represented either denial or acquiescence; it was, at any rate, to some extent at least, involuntary, and that told Bill that that name meant something, at any rate, to the masquerader. He would have given a good deal to know just what. Whether, that is, it was associated, in this man's mind, with the unknown—to Bill—William Patterson to whom that cipher telegram had really been addressed on the Twentieth Century, or whether the gang knew already that he—he liked to think of himself as the original and only genuine Bill Patterson!—had taken a hand in the game. Because the answer to that question seemed likely to have a considerable effect upon Bill's constitutional right, in the near future

With PRIVILEGE of STOPOVER

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrations by Walter De Maris

at any rate, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

"Well, anyway," Bill went on, "we're both staying at the Derwents', and there's some scheme to go up Rainier for some skiing and that sort of thing, and Miss Barbara didn't have the right clothes, so I said I'd drive over and have a bag packed for her. I don't think she knew you'd be home, sir—thought you were going on somewhere first—"

"Ah—er—yes—I was—but I changed my plans," said the man at the desk, thawing perceptibly. "I fear that Chuck has been—ah—a little over-zealous. Have a cigar, Mr. Patterson? Mrs. O'Neill will be able to get together what Barbara wants, no doubt, Chuck—ask her to come here, will you?"

BILL drew a long breath. So far, so good. His bluff had worked. But his opinion of Chuck was not high. This man was a fairly good actor, at that, but he oughtn't to have been able to fool Chuck—not for more than five minutes. Bill wanted desperately to be alone, now, for about five minutes. He had to do some hard, quick thinking. This changed the whole complexion of the affair—made it look, for one thing, a good deal more serious than Bill had before been disposed to think it was.

The abduction of the governor of a sovereign State had been, in all conscience, daring enough, outrageous enough. But to this was added his impersonation by—Bill had to assume—a member of the gang. How far would they go? Pretty far, Bill thought; as far as the forgery of Winston's signature—a simple enough thing to do, of course, for a man who had been able, as this one had, to gain access to Winston's own desk. Why, he could trace as many signatures as he pleased!

Chuck had gone. The Governor's understudy, with a smile, turned back to some papers.

"You'll forgive me if I go on with this work, Mr. Patterson?" he said. "Things have piled up a good deal in my absence. And, even when the legislature is not in session—"

"Please don't let me bother you," said Bill. "By the way—you got hold of Galloway, didn't you? Miss Winston was concerned about a telephone call

she got from him after you left her—"

Bill had planned that with a good deal of thought. But nothing came of it; the man at the desk only smiled.

"Oh, yes," he said. "He called me here after I got home."

No way of telling whether the name meant anything to him or not. No way of telling, even, whether the chap were bluffing. He was, Bill was de-

later. But one thing at least he had to do at once—drive the truth into Chuck. He couldn't, plainly, spend much time here; he would have to go back—or at least start back—to Seattle at once. If he had not yet been marked down by the gang he soon would be. And at any moment, of course, he might encounter one of the men who had taken part in the attack on the train.

When Mrs. O'Neill came she received brief instructions from the man she supposed to be Winston, and Bill realized, this time, as he listened to the other's voice, that it really was very much like Winston's. Voices happened to be a fad of his, and a New York detective had told him once that the voice had been the stumbling block of a good many criminals otherwise perfectly disguised. But Mrs. O'Neill, like Chuck Barnett, was wholly unsuspecting.

NOR was she at all surprised at what she was asked to do; Bill had obviously been lucky in his wild shot at inventing a reason for his appearance.

"Very well, sir," she said. "I think I know exactly what'll be wanted. She didn't give you a list? No—she wouldn't, of course. I'll have a bag packed and ready for you in ten minutes."

"Oh, but Mr. Patterson will stay here tonight—" said the other man. "You mustn't think of starting back as late as this—"

"Can't be done, thanks, sir," said Bill, with a laugh. "You know the lady! And—there's rather a bet on—"

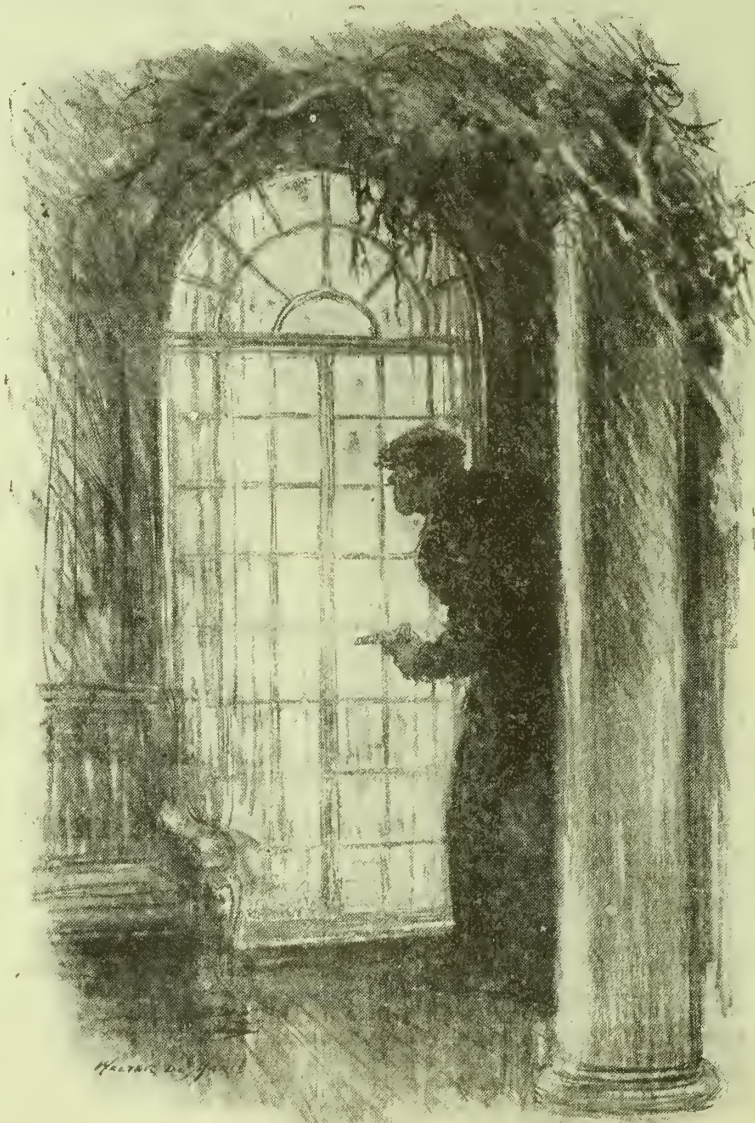
"Well—in that case—" It was Win-

ston's smile; that, at any rate, was a perfect piece of mimicry. Indeed, there was a sort of cumulative excellence about this man's acting; he was even beginning to make Bill wonder if he hadn't been insane—if it wasn't really Winston who sat and smiled at him! But he knew, of course, that it wasn't.

"I think I'll go and look over my bus," Bill said. "One plug needs cleaning, I think—there was a miss. And I want to make time going back."

"Chuck will help you, if there's anything he can do," said the perfect host. "He's a handy man around a car."

That trick went to Bill. It gave him just the chance he needed. Chuck, still inclined to be suspicious, went with
(Continued on page 22)



As he went toward the French window Bill could see that he was carrying a pistol

ciding, a man a good deal younger than the real Winston; close scrutiny, made in the light of Bill's absolute knowledge, revealed, indeed, the way he was made up. But the resemblance was, beyond all doubt, striking in the extreme; so striking that Bill found himself altogether unable to believe it was wholly due to coincidence. The two men were, he was sure, related in some way.

HE sat still for a few minutes, thinking, wondering. Chuck was having difficulty, apparently, in finding Mrs. O'Neill. The major problems likely to arise from this new development Bill could not, of course, even attack until

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

DEAR MR. COOLIDGE: Perhaps you will have already received and vetoed the Adjusted Compensation Bill before this is printed. They say that you are committed to a veto, anyway, and that you are not given to changing your mind. So I am not thinking that what I have to say will influence you.

However, it is the privilege of any citizen to write a letter to you as President. There are few citizens who would not like to drop in at the White House and have a frank talk with you on some subject of which they have had more experience than you have. They would like to have you have the benefit of their experience in order to help you in being a good President.

No President has ever been in office so much as you. I have never held any office; but in one line I am almost as much of a specialist as you are in politics and statesmanship.

When you hung out your shingle as a fledgling lawyer in Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1897, I was in the Greco-Turkish War. In that, my first campaign, when I was a year younger than you, I learned that war was a poor paying and horrible business; but, if your country had to go to war, the best way was to fight hard and have the ordeal over soon. This was the principle which our soldiers applied in the late war.

You missed any experience in the Spanish-American, which was a small war of brief duration and which required relatively few soldiers, although it seemed a pretty "hot time in the old town tonight" to our men in Cuba and the Philippines, especially to those whom our state of unpreparedness sent with short range, old-fashioned Springfields against long range Mausers.

WHEN you became a Councilman of Northampton in '99, I was in the Philippines. While you were City Solicitor of Northampton, in 1900-01, I was on the Peking Relief Expedition and later travelling across Siberia. An amazing campaign, that to Peking, in the broiling heat and dust which gave me an insight into the ways of the American, British, Japanese, French, Italian and German soldiers advancing together. It was educational and also developed a good deal of dysentery, not to mention many sunstrokes.

While you were serving as Clerk of the Courts in 1904 I was in the Russo-Japanese War. While you were a member of the General Court in 1907-08 I was away in Central America and elsewhere in a troubled world. At the time that you were finishing your term as Mayor of Northampton, in 1911, I was in the Balkan War.

Then you were elected to the State Senate while I was still in the Balkans. While you were President of the State Senate in 1914-15, and in '16, when you became Lieutenant-Governor, I was with the Allied armies in France.

You were still Lieutenant-Governor in '17-'18 when I was in the A. E. F. In '19, when the soldiers returned home, you were the Governor who welcomed back the Massachusetts men who, as you said, had "maintained by their service and their sacrifice the ideals on which our institutions are founded."

At this time you urged adjusted compensation for the state troops. Your present views indicate that you do change your mind, which is the prerogative and habit of everyone with a live mind. It is still your prerogative.

All the offices which you have held, as you steadily mounted the ladder, have been elective. This shows in what high esteem your fellow citizens held you, as a man of deeds, not as a speech-maker. For you have always been "silent Cal." The stories about you are not about what you have said, but about how

little you have said, which is a relief to many people in these phonographic days.

MASSACHUSETTS has had no President since John Quincy Adams. Geography was against it in national conventions. During the early months of your term as Governor there was no outside talk about you as Presidential timber. You were one of many governors of high standing whose name the mass of people occasionally heard mentioned.

In '19 you flashed into the news. There was a police strike in Boston. Your firm attitude electrified the country. In this period of general apprehension about Bolshevism the ex-service men expressed views similar to yours in no uncertain way. They were popular then in quarters where they have since become unpopular and you are popular. They stood for order, and they remain today the greatest bulwark of order that we have.

The Boston police strike nominated you for Vice-President. Again you proved that you were a "vote-getter," as the politicians say, for you had convinced the people of your ability. Mr. Harding died. You became President. Soon as the leader of your party, you seemed to have its assurance of your nomination at the coming convention.

As President you want the advice of specialists in every branch. You turn to lawyers for law, financiers for finance and tariff experts on the tariff. This, I repeat, is the only reason for my mentioning so humble a career as mine in chronological relation to yours. I know war and soldiers and what war takes out of soldiers. I am very lucky to be alive, and you are very lucky to have the high talents and destiny which have brought you to the Presidency.

You had only become well settled in the Presidency when a great political scandal, a sordid money scandal, was revealed, shaking the foundations of our public life. Washington is a vortex of accusations and counter accusations. Suspicion, uncertainty and unrest prevail. Such is your burden as leader of your party and the nation.

THE four million ex-Service men are the same men that they were when you made your warm speech of welcome five years ago. It is not they who have changed. They are still the bulwark—and look to the bulwark! And certain types of war profiteers have not changed, either.

Politics has kept adjusted compensation, which ex-service men believe is just, hanging fire. Bitterness is being aroused against them, and this, in turn may arouse bitterness on their part.

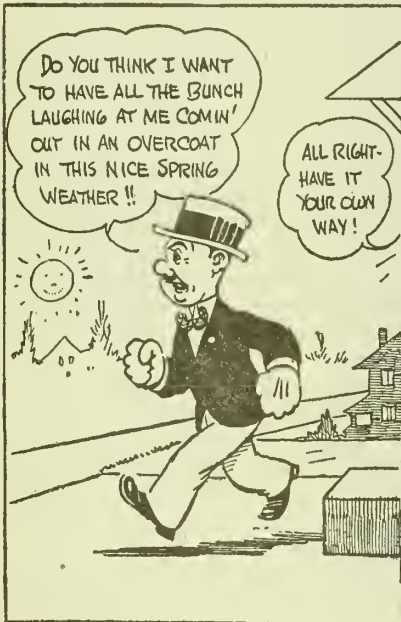
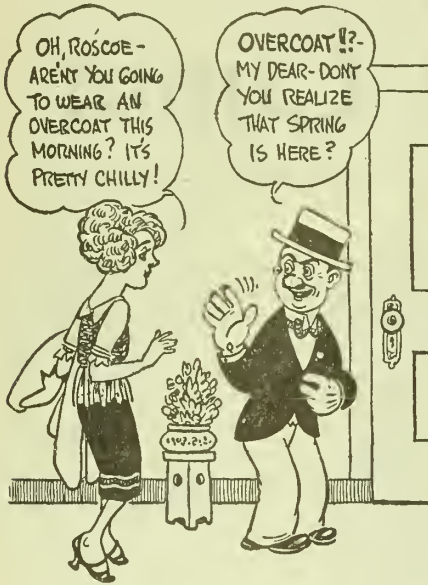
They were not thinking of politics when they served, but of the country's future. So they are the first to appreciate a President who is thinking in these terms today.

You do not want to increase bitterness, for it is a bad legacy. There are problems enough without making compensation, which is not a partisan question, the football of politics. Each year will bring enough trouble of its own. We do not want to carry over last year's. This you can prevent. Will you?

My advice, as one who is something of an expert in trouble and its causes, is that you will. It is honest advice from one who wants no office and no favor and is free to look ahead. Do the revelations, since you wrote your message to Congress, show that you can depend upon honest advice from all the champions of the opposite view? And you are President of the whole United States, including the ex-service men as well as those who were not in uniform.

It's a Great Life If —

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 West 43d St., New York City

Fin

Source of Supply (confidentially): "How was that stuff I sold you last night?"
Victim (wearily): "It was good as long as I lasted."

Items from a Censor's Memory File

The Heartfelt Keynote: "Dear Sweet-heart: This billet is a hell of a hole."

The Careful Note: "To the Censor: Lieutenant, sir, I hope the above x x x x in this letter to my girl is all right. They ain't a map or anything."

The Jocose Note: "We have a rumor here that the Kaiser is dead, but I should not write you that since it is giving information as to the whereabouts of the enemy."

The Sarcastic Note: "I'm sorry my last letter was so much clipped. So I will close now with lots of lovums to you, tootsie sweetums. P. S. I hope the censor doesn't think that's code."

A Sick Man

Jimmie was watching a man with muscles sticking out all over his body demonstrating a new kind of exercising device in a store window.

"O-o-o, lookut, mother!" he gasped. "He's got mumps all over him."

Modernists

"Do you mean to say," the first divinity student asked in astonishment, "that you did the Louvre in one afternoon?"

"Absolutely," replied the second, who had just returned from Europe, "and never missed a nude."

Hops? Hops? How Come Hops?

(Headline in Kansas City Times)

WORLD DRY ERE HE GOES

"Pussyfoot" Johnson Returns to America Full of Hops

Some Mixed Foursomes

"Mother, may I go out to meet
And vamp some joyride popper?"
"Mais oui, ma chérie, toute de suite:
Return at dawn, as proper."

H. C. S.

Unforgivable

He: "What do you consider man's greatest fault?"
She: "Being so scarce."

Call to Arms

May: "The photographers never do me justice."
Ray: "You want mercy, not justice, dear."

Strained Enjoyment

Mrs. Rufus White, head of the White family, having joined the church choir, Rufus was obliged to put up with her practising morning, noon and night.

"Does yo' enjoy yo' wife's singing?" he was asked one day.

"Oh, yas," he answered dutifully, "but," he added, sotto voce, "it ain't becaze Ah pa'tic'ly likes to."

Misunderstood

De Style: "One day I got Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Washington—"

Gunbusta: "I didn't know you owned a radio."

De Style: "I don't. I'm talking about a baseball pool."

Logical Extravagance

"I hear," said Smith, "that you bring your wife a box of candy every day."

"Yes," replied Newlywed, "it's always a comfortable feeling to know that you have something to eat in the house."

Settled

"I thought, Sam," said Jones, upon meeting his colored friend outside the courtroom, "that you were going to settle your dispute out of court."

"We did, suh," declared Sam. "Dis yere am jes' de suit fo' 'sault an' battery what happened durin' de settlement."

As Others See Us

He: "I can tell instinctively what people think of me."

She: "How annoying!"

No Blackmail

First Golddigger: "Oh, I tell you it's hard on us poor girls. He fell for me and I fell for him, and then—"

Second Prospector: "Yeh?"

"Then I find out that the base deceiver ain't married!"

Comparison

Mr. Heinsheimer: "Ah, yes, my wife is versed in the culinary art."

Mr. Stein: "Ach, nein! Mine iss py far de vorst!"

Even So

"A voice like yours is a gift," the matron gushed, as she handed the famous tenor a check for his performance at her entertainment.

"Yes, madam," the tenor somewhat coldly replied as he noted the smallness of the check. "So it would seem."

The Only Thing Possible

Book Agent: "Now here is a wonderful book entitled, 'How I Farmed for Profit.'"

Farmer Bitters: "I ain't got no time to read no fiction whatever."

Out!

Grocer: "Sorry, young man, but you won't do for this business. You stutter too much."

Applicant: "W-why, s-s-sir?"

Grocer: "Well, you see folks are so suspicious of us grocers that they think we sand the sugar an' everything. When they ask questions it wouldn't do to have a clerk hesitate with his answers."

Unreliable

Mistress: "Late again this morning! Don't you use that alarm clock I gave you?"

Maid: "Yes, ma'am. But it goes off when I'm asleep."

Prince Charming

Supply Sergeant: "Sorry, we have no size twelve hobs, but here are some large tens."

Buck Private: "Say, who do you think I am—Cinderella?"

Soda We

A buck who was fond of his vin blank or its American equivalent was accosted by his colonel with the demand:

"Private, what is it makes your nose so red?"

"Colonel, sir," replied the buck, nothing abashed, "I always blush when I meet my commanding officer."



After letting it ring for five minutes, Henry gets out of a warm bed at three a.m. to answer the telephone

Jealous

She: "Mother saw you kiss me last night and she is very angry."

The Vain Male: "Why, I'm nothing to your mother and she is nothing to me. In fact, I scarcely know her."

His Purpose

The Minister: "Although I disapprove of fighting, I was glad to see that you chose to fight on the weaker side. It was noble of you."

Casey, Jr.: "Yeah—an' it made the fight last longer."

A Question in Economics

"I'm looking for a bright little boy," said the kind old lady to the youngster on roller skates, "who wants to earn a penny by mailing this letter for me."

"A penny, huh?" snorted the child. "Wot you're lookin' fer is a little dumb-bell!"

Bz-z-z-z!

"A thick-headed recruit," said the old colonel, "has been likened at times to a dentist. His drilling soon gets on your nerves."

Editorial Planks

"The editor of our paper has come out flat-footed against adjusted compensation."

"Yes, and he came out flat-footed when he went before the draft board."

Dangerous Habit

They fell to discussing the absent-mindedness of the acquaintance who had just passed.

"That habit nearly cost him his life when he was on his vacation," remarked one.

"How was that?"

"He fell overboard and forgot he knew how to swim."

Talking Business

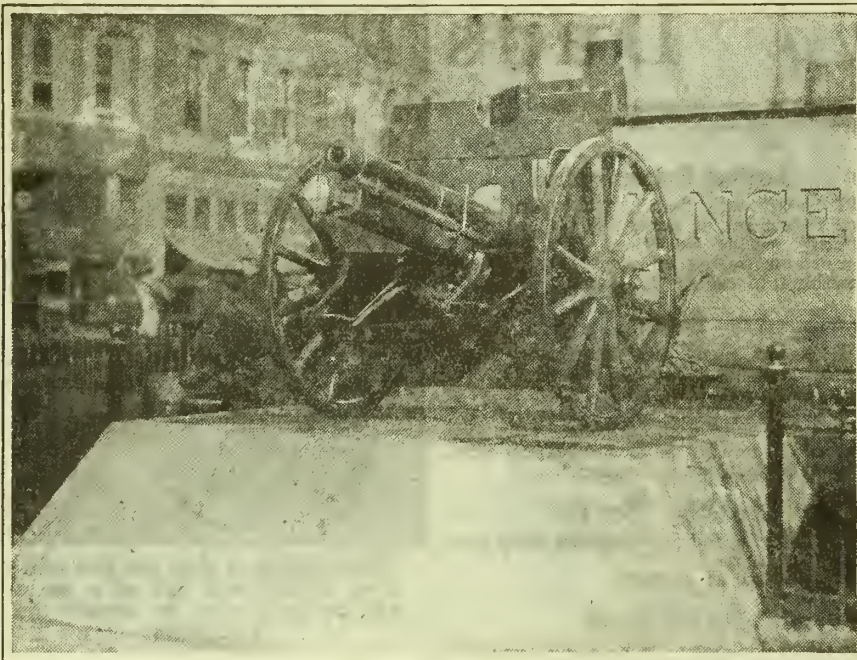
Madge: "I never allow a young man to kiss me more than a dozen times in a year."

Ted: "Well, we'll probably have a scrap before then, so I'd better take the whole quota now."

The Modern Pupil

Teacher: "Melville, name the four seasons."

Melville: "Can't do it—don't know how to play Mah Jong."



A COMMUNITY SOUVENIR—The A. E. F.'s parcel post service, burdened with such things as German helmets, shelleases and consignments of iron crosses, wouldn't take for shipment the little trophy pictured above, so the doughboys of Companies I and K, 321st Infantry, 81st Division, dismantled it and brought it home in pieces as parts of their personal baggage. It now stands in the public square at Asheville, North Carolina

Missouri to Complete Adjusted Compensation Payments

THE 36,000 World War veterans of Missouri whose claims for adjusted compensation from that State were not paid because the original bond issue of \$15,000,000 was exhausted will receive their money within the next two months. A bond issue of \$4,600,000 to complete payment of all pending claims was approved at a special election held February 26th.

While the time limit on filing claims for compensation was December 31, 1922, the commission has made a ruling that applications will again be accepted from those men who failed to file claims. These applications will be marked "too late claims" and will be paid in the order received provided there is a surplus after the 36,000 approved claims awaiting payment are disposed of.

Adjusted compensation applications may be obtained from the secretary of the Missouri Bonus Commission at Jefferson City.

More Pay for All O. T. C. Men Under Proposed Law

TO remedy an apparent discrimination against enlisted men who were candidates in Officers' Training Camps after June 30, 1918, and men who enlisted for the sole purpose of entering the camps, Representative Luther A. Johnson of Texas has introduced a bill in Congress which would authorize the payment of claims of all men of the Army and Marine Corps for additional pay for periods of training for commissions in the combatant branches of the Army and Marine Corps at any time between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918.

As previously reported in the Weekly, enlisted men who attended Officers' Training Camps before June 30, 1918, are entitled to the difference between the pay they received and \$100 a month, according to a ruling of the Comptroller General

based on the Appropriation Act of June 15, 1917. Under the Appropriation Act of July 9, 1918, the pay of these same men reverted on July 1, 1918, to the pay of their grades. It was later ruled that men who were enlisted in the Army for the purpose of attending the training camps were not entitled to the \$100 rate.

It is estimated that approximately 10,000 former O. R. C. candidates will be benefited if the new bill becomes a law.

Want a Job as Second Looney in Regular Army?

FINAL competitive examinations to fill approximately one hundred vacancies in the ranks of second lieutenants in the Regular Army will be held during the week beginning April 14th. This number of vacancies will exist in the combatant branches, the Quartermaster Corps, Ordnance Department, Chemical Warfare Service and Finance Department, after appointments of graduates of the class of 1924 of the United States Military Academy are made.

Application forms (No. 88 AGO) may be obtained from the Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C., and should be filed with the commanding general of the corps area in which the applicant resides or the commanding officer of the military post or station nearest the applicant's home. Copies of Army Regulations 605-5, which contain complete information concerning the conduct of examinations, may be obtained from the same sources.

Reserve officers, enlisted men of the reserve corps, and National Guard officers, warrant officers or enlisted men are eligible to take the examinations.

Citizenship Rights Restored to After-Armistice Deserters

A RECENT proclamation issued by President Coolidge restores the rights of citizenship or the right to become citizens

to approximately 150 men who deserted from the military or naval service of the United States after the Armistice and before the official proclamation of peace three years later. Men who deserted during this period suffered the same loss of citizenship as those who deserted during the actual prosecution of the war. While the Armistice of November 11, 1918, stopped actual hostilities, the United States was technically at war until the proclamation of peace on November 17, 1921.

This action of the President does not affect in any way those men who deserted in the face of the enemy and does not remit or commute court-martial sentences of those men who deserted after the Armistice, before technical ending of the war.

World War Men Eligible to Soldiers' Homes

Are veterans of the World War eligible to admission to Federal soldiers' homes in the event of disability or upon reaching a certain age regardless of their length of service? Is it necessary that a veteran saw service during a war to gain admission to a home?—O. H. JOHNSON, Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE rules provide that all honorably discharged officers, soldiers and sailors who served in the regular, volunteer or other forces of the United States in any war in which the country has been engaged and who are disabled by disease, wounds, or otherwise, and have no adequate means of support, and who are not otherwise provided for by the law, and by reason of such disability are incapable of earning their living, are entitled to the benefits of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. Application blanks for admission to a home may be obtained from the Governor, National Military Home, Ohio. The United States Soldiers' Home at Washington, D. C., is for invalid and disabled soldiers of the Regular Army only.

Certificate Available if Your Discharge Is Missing

I have lost my discharge certificate. Will you please advise me the proper steps to take to secure a duplicate?—JOHN ALFRED HOWLE, Wetumpka, Ala.

LOST, stolen or destroyed discharge certificates cannot be duplicated. A certificate in lieu of lost discharge certificate may be obtained on application to the Adjutant General of the Army at Washington. This certificate shows the name, organization and serial number of soldier, date and place of enlistment, and date and cause of discharge. Provision is made on the reverse side for the entry of a transcript from the record of the soldier's service.

This Case Puzzles Diplomats and Department of State

What is the law governing a case like the following? A man who is a naturalized citizen of the United States and who has a son born in this country later becomes a naturalized citizen of a foreign country. Does the expatriation of the father affect the minor son's citizenship and could the son be impressed into the military service of the country of his father's adoption, should the son visit that country?—P. A. VAUGHN, New Orleans, La.

THE situation is a very complex one with no final precedents recognized. The son would be considered by the Department of Labor as an American citizen. Some foreign countries might impress him into their military service, although such action would be resented by this country. It must be taken up as an individual problem by the State Department.

Radio Barrage Will Precede Bay State Membership Raid

TWENTY thousand new members of the Legion are expected to be captured in an American Legion raid which will be conducted by the Department of Massachusetts early in April. A complete battle organization has been drawn up with Department Commander C. R. Edwards as commander-in-chief and working down through brigades, regiments, companies, platoons and squads to the individual member in each post.

The raid will follow a barrage laid down through the air from Station WNAC, the powerful radio plant at the Shepard Stores in Boston. The radio barrage will open at seven p.m. Eastern Time on Sunday evening, April 6th, and will continue until three o'clock the following morning, when the actual member-getting raid commences. The program will include talent from Massachusetts post and Legionnaires performing in Boston theaters. Gosscup-Pishon Post of Boston, whose members are drawn from the advertising profession, will have charge of the program.

Every post in the State is expected to be equipped with a radio receiving set and all Massachusetts Legionnaires will stand by to hear the barrage and get set for zero hour.

Illinois Fathers' Are First to Get Dad's Charter

FIFTEEN men in Harvey, Illinois, have been granted a charter as a council of The American Legion Fathers. As a council connected with Harvey Post of the Legion, they have the honor of being the daddy of all daddy councils. Although units of the fathers' organization have been formed by posts in New Jersey, Missouri, Kansas and other States, the Harvey dads got in the first formal application for national recognition. The American Legion Fathers was authorized by the Fourth National Convention of the Legion at New Orleans as an organization auxiliary to the Legion. Arrangements for chartering councils were made by the National Executive Committee in January. The charter fee was set at \$10. Eligibility in the Legion Fathers is restricted to men whose sons are members of the Legion and men whose sons died in service during the war.

Indiana Legion Co-operates in Recruiting of Regulars

IN support of the Legion's stand on national defense, the Department of Indiana is helping the Army obtain recruits for the Regular service. In a bulletin to all Indiana posts, department officials call attention to the fact that during this year a large number of enlistments in the Regular Army will expire and that many new men will be required in order to keep the Army up to its authorized strength of 125,000 men.

While a direct invitation is not extended to Legionnaires to serve another hitch, it is suggested that members may know of young men who may be interested in "getting out and seeing the world." Attention is directed to the fact that specially qualified applicants or those with previous service may be accepted for service in Hawaii, Panama, the Philippines and China, and for technical or intensive training at various service schools.

Posts are requested to send the names and addresses of prospective recruits to department headquarters, which will in



PULLING A WYNNER.—Ed Wynn, the comedian, promised Legionnaires of Minneapolis that he would do the famous ski jump at Glenwood Park for the benefit of the Legion movie "The Whipping Boss" which was being produced simultaneously in Minneapolis and St. Paul theatres. The stunt was planned for publicity purposes only, it must be admitted. But the picture shows how far it got. Mr. Wynn came to a sitting stop at the top of the jump, and would have gone over regardless but for the prompt action of Edwin Lindell, chairman of the local "Whipping Boss" committee and a member of the Legion's state executive committee

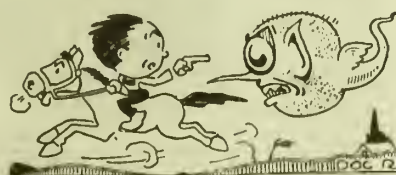
turn notify recruiting officers. A record of enlistments obtained through the efforts of Legionnaires is being kept by the department.

National Headquarters Building to Be Ready Late in 1924

IF present plans of the Indiana Memorial Commission materialize, National Head-

quarters of the Legion will be housed in a special building in the Memorial Plaza in Indianapolis late this fall. While original plans provided offices for National Headquarters in the memorial building itself, space requirements nullified this provision. The building which is being erected for the express use of National Headquarters will be of stone, four stories in height. Work on the building will be rushed. This building will be the first unit completed in the \$12,000,000 memorial plaza project of the State of Indiana, Marion County and the city of Indianapolis. The whole project is expected to be completed before 1928.

Foil the Doozerdoo By Coming Through



ONE second after this snapshot was made, the Doozerdoo, the giant cuckoo which acts as collector for post adjutants and finance officers, overtook this Buddy on horseback and ran him through the pocket-book with its bayonet-beak.

There is no getting away from the Doozerdoo if you have forgotten to pay your 1924 post dues.

Pay up today and keep the bird away!

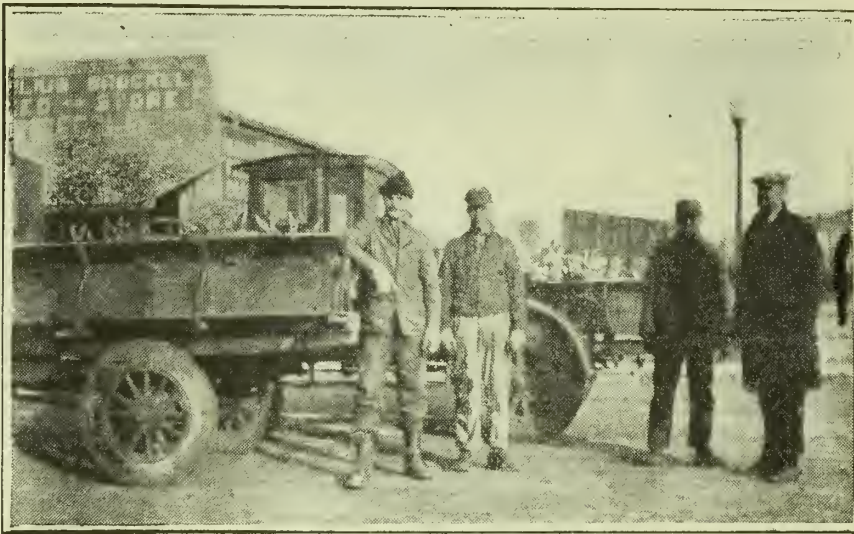
These Men Can Be of Service to Distressed Buddies

QUERIES aimed at locating service men whose statements are necessary to substantiate compensation claims should be sent to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 417 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee will be glad to assist in finding men after other means have failed, and, if necessary, will advertise through the Weekly. The Committee wants to hear from the following:

Former members of the 13th Engrs. who served with REDMOND SAGE CURTIN, particularly those who knew him just prior to discharge at Camp Grant, Ill., May 14, 1919.

Former comrades of PVT EDMUND J. BURKE, Co. A, 112th Inf., 28th Div.

CLARENCE A. SMITH, formerly of Co. F, 322d Inf., to support claim of ROY DEMOSS.



Clafin (Kansas) Legionnaires shot a ton of rabbits in a contest with members of a gun club and the two auto trucks shown in this photo are full of the critters. The post lost by six hares, but the gun club is going to help the Legion men put up a new clubhouse

Kansas Post Loses Shooting Contest by Six Hares

YOU'VE probably heard of losing a race by a hair. Clafin (Kansas) Post did noble work in a rabbit-shooting contest with the Clafin Gun Club but it lost by six hares.

Rabbits are free and plentiful around Clafin. Some member of the gun club publicly opined that it was too bad that the Legionnaires had forgotten how to handle guns since the war. This aspersion was considered at the next post meeting and the big contest was on, eighteen hunters to a side, and shooting hours only from ten a. m. to four p. m.

The total bag was 748 rabbits, weighing two tons. The Gun Club team bagged six more than the Legion hunters. The rabbits were sold and the money went into a banquet and in the fraternal feeling engendered at the dinner the members of the Gun Club agreed to help the post build a clubhouse of its own.

Legion Will Help Observe National Garden Week

"THE U. S. A.—Garden Nation of the World in 1930" is to be the slogan for National Garden Week, to be observed by The American Legion in co-operation with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, April 20th to 26th. The purpose of the week is to promote the beautification of communities by gardens. Methods of participating in the observance of Garden Week will be left to the posts. Member organizations of the General Federation of Women's Clubs are expected to take the lead in whatever activities may be planned.

North Carolina to Hold Tent Encampment in G. A. R. Style

A DEPARTMENT encampment will be held by North Carolina Legionnaires this year. Taking a page from the history of the Grand Army of the Republic, North Carolinians will gather in a tourist camp at Asheville and will live in tents August 26th and 27th—the days of the department convention. Six hundred army tents, each equipped with five cots and twenty blankets, will be provided for delegates and

guests. Meals will be served in the tourist camp mess hall, and business sessions will be in the dance pavilion on the grounds. Members of Kiffin Rockwell Post of Asheville will be in charge of all arrangements. Each veteran, it is believed, will be charged \$10 for the two days. This sum will pay for lodging and meals, transportation to and from the business district four miles away, and admission to the boxing exhibition, musical comedy and movies that are to be part of the amusement program.

Boxcar Stalwarts Put Kink in Des Moines Crime Wave

CHEF DE GARE PAUL FISH of Argonne Post Voiture of the Forty and Eighters, Des Moines, Iowa, was a buck in the Marine Corps under Brigadier General Smedley Butler back in the war days. The whole country has been watching General Butler's fight on vice and crime at Philadelphia, including Fish, who is a Des Moines business man.

Some of General Butler's spirit must

have got into Buck Fish's system, for when Des Moines got into the grip of a crime wave early in January, Fish went into action. He sprung an idea at the meeting at which he was installed as chef de gare and the next day the newspapers announced that Argonne Post Voiture had offered from sixty to one hundred picked men gratis to help the police patrol the city in an effort to curb crime.

The offer was accepted. That evening the box car volunteers were sworn in as special officers and assigned in pairs, with one regular officer for each pair, to do police duty. At first the Forty and Eighters worked on only two-hour shifts, but the crooks were so well organized and daring that the shifts were lengthened to five hours. Night after night the veterans armed themselves and endured the severe cold and faced the dangers of the job so that residents might be safer.

Des Moines civic clubs were so impressed with what the voiture was doing that they have detailed men to the same kind of work and furnished automobiles which have been added to the police patrol fleet. Nothing the Forty and Eighters have ever done has won greater admiration from the citizens of Des Moines. Best of all, crime really has been cut down.

Forty and Eight Society Now Has Indianapolis G. H. Q.

THE National Headquarters of La Société des Hommes Quarante et Chevaux Huit has been established in Indianapolis, Indiana, as a next-door neighbor to the national headquarters of its parent organization, The American Legion. Pursuant to the orders of the Third National Promenade of the 40 and 8 in San Francisco, the headquarters recently was moved east from Seattle, Washington.

The move was officially supervised by Chef de Chemin de Fer Robert John Murphy of Iowa. Lyle D. Tabor of Detroit, Michigan, Correspondante Nationale, and Charles W. Ardery of Seattle, Washington, Auditeur, and other members of the national staff have offices in a two-story brick building at 14 East Michigan Street, Indianapolis. All 40 and 8 correspondence with the national organization should be sent to that address.



National officers of the Forty and Eight for 1924 on the job at the Society's new headquarters in Indianapolis. Left to right, Lyle D. Tabor of Detroit, Correspondante Nationale; Robert John Murphy of Nora Springs, Iowa, Chef de Chemin de Fer, and Charles W. Ardery of Seattle, Washington, Auditeur Nationale

Galbraith Island Real Paradise for Toledo Legionnaires

HERE is the story of how Toledo (Ohio) Post bought itself an island in the Maumee River—an island that was an ideal summer loafing and sports ground—and thereon built itself a clubhouse which has been named the Legion Recreational Center. There was a lot of work connected with the construction but there was just as much fun, for the work was done on Saturdays and Sundays and was followed by swimming and sports.

The post bought the nine-acre island twenty miles above the city of Toledo in 1922. It named it Galbraith Island, in honor of the late National Commander Ohio gave to the Legion. A photograph of this island looked like an advertisement for a summer resort. There were stately trees and shrubs and a clearing just right for a baseball diamond. It had bathing beaches and landing places for canoes and larger boats. In every way it was a peach of a place.

To buy the island the post organized a non-profit corporation which sold stock to members. An issue of two hundred shares of common no-par-value stock for \$5 a share and two hundred shares of preferred stock at \$25 a share was agreed on to raise a total of \$6,000. The stock was sold rapidly and it has doubled in value since. A mortgage of \$1,500 was given, and with the total sum of \$7,500 the development, valued at \$14,750, was completed.

In the autumn and winter of 1922 an old house on the island was torn down, the best of its timbers being salvaged for use in the clubhouse. It was at this time and later in 1923 that a lot of the good deeds of Toledo Post began bringing returns. The post had organized a Boy Scout troop. So now the troop helped demolish the old building, while the post members donned blue denims and worked with the youngsters.

The post found, that among its members, it had architects, mechanics, electricians, lawyers, doctors, engineers, oilmen, coalmen, college and high school professors. The teachers were organized into fatigue



Workers whose total time amounted to 4,500 hours given to the project of building an island homestead for Toledo Post are here snatching a rest between barrow-loads

squads, cement workers, carpenters and laborers. Members of the post who couldn't contribute their arms and time helped by extra-heavy stock buying. Others gave trucks and materials. A scow was put on regular trips between the mainland and the island. Lumber, cement, stone and fixtures arrived from the city by motor trucks and were dumped on the scow and ferried across.

In April, while the work was going on, the wives, sisters and sweethearts of the post members arrived on Galbraith Island with food. An extra big day's work resulted and the concrete foundations and piers were sunk. The Scouts were always on the job, ferrying members to work, running the barge, and picking and smashing stones from the river bed for the big fireplace. At this time the post turned over the island to the Boy Scouts of To-

ledo, who held a camp there for ten days.

Dave Anderson, Jr., post commander, put in six hundred hours of his own time on the job and another member contributed five hundred hours. Eighty-two members built up individual records almost as good. A total of 4,500 hours were spent building the clubhouse, of which three hundred hours were by non-Legionnaires.

Save for technical jobs, such as building a fireplace and chimney, when bricklayers were hired, all of the work was done by post members. Building supply dealers, whether Legionnaires or not, gave reduced prices on things which had to be bought.

Iowa Post Gets a Home on Strictly Business Basis

HARRY L. ANDERSON POST of Oskaloosa, Iowa, grew tired of paying rent for clubrooms and decided to acquire a home of its own. There was no money in the treasury, but that was a mere trifle after the members heard a plan submitted by Dr. J. G. Roberts, the post commander.

A somewhat dilapidated forty-by-forty two-story brick building and the lot on which it stood were being offered for sale for \$6,500. Commander Roberts received estimates that the probable cost of making needed repairs and furnishing clubrooms on the second floor such as the post wanted would amount to from \$4,000 to \$5,000 more.

Today title to the property is vested in Harry L. Anderson Post. The building looks like new, and what was an eyesore corner is one of the most attractive spots in the town.

Commander Roberts included Oskaloosa's citizens in his plan in this way: Loans for sums not to exceed \$100 from any one person were negotiated until enough money was raised to swing the whole deal. Each lender was given a note due in five years with interest at six percent payable semi-annually, secured by a mortgage on the property.

The post has leased the ground floor for \$900 a year and is regularly staging wrestling matches, boxing shows, dances and other revenue-producing projects. Indications are that the whole loan will be wiped out long before the notes are due, with no increase in Legion dues.



Harry L. Anderson Post of Oskaloosa, Iowa, borrowed money to buy this post home and is getting rent to pay the loans

Zero Hour in Compensation Fight

(Continued from page 7)

plying to firms throughout the country. The literature suggested a letter to Congressmen.

So it goes.

Representative Rainey of Illinois has just solved a mystery which puzzled him and his colleagues for a long time. A while back when the two-in-one beat-the-"bonus"—boost-the-Mellon-tax-plan drive was going full swing Mr. Rainey almost had to move out of his office to make room for the mail he received importuning him to vote against any form of adjusted compensation bill, put over the Mellon plan and save the country from ruin. Mr. Rainey said he received one hundred letters against compensation for every one he received in favor of it, and was on the road to the conclusion that, by some strange circumstance, the veterans themselves had either changed their mind or didn't care whether their bill passed or not. Then Mr. Rainey, who had been letting his secretary wrestle with his "bonus" mail decided to make a personal inspection of some of it.

In the mail that morning about one hundred and fifty letters came in. All were typed on plain paper, which bore the same watermark. The envelopes were identical. While the wording of each one was different, whole sentences were the same in many letters. The spacing and general appearance of each letter was the same—suggesting—that all were written in the same office on the same make of typewriter. The address of each writer was given. Uniformly on all letters it appeared on the upper right hand corner of the sheet. These addresses were scattered all over the city of Chicago and suburbs. The letters bore different dates. Yet all of them were mailed at the same postal sub-station at the same hour.

"There is something funny about this," observed Mr. Rainey.

Mr. Rainey answered each of them, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. He told his correspondents that the subject discussed in the letter was exceedingly important, and asked them to tell him how they happened to write in. Enough replies were received to enable Mr. Rainey to get at these facts:

The letters were all signed by employees of a string of Chicago public service corporations, on instructions from their employers. "We were compelled to write those letters," one man declared. "We are not free men." The concerns who made up this particular propaganda pool were the Chicago By-Products Coke Corporation, the Koppers Company and the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company—particularly the latter. The two first-named companies are owned in part by A. W. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury. Mimeographed forms were distributed among employees, instructing them how to make up a letter. This insured that no two letters would be exactly alike. Each employee's letter was turned in and twenty-eight copies made—one for each Illinois Senator and Representative. They were signed by the employees and mailed by the companies.

The Legion's campaign against the assertion that tax reduction would be impossible if the adjusted compensation bill were enacted has had its effect. Legion gospel spreaders throughout the country, and chiefly in the local posts, appear to have exploded this peculiar theory, which was inaugurated by Secretary Mellon himself, and which is persisted in only by a few die-hards like the *Literary Digest* with its straw vote.

On the other hand a few of the opponents of the Adjusted Compensation Bill still exhibit the courage of Mr. Mellon's early convictions on the subject and seek to spur their followers on with the cry that adjusted compensation would ruin all chances of a tax cut. The Wisconsin Manufacturers Association thus sticks to its guns. In a recent bulletin to members the association's secretary is authority for the statement that a tax cut and compensation "cannot go together." He states the cost of the adjusted compensation bill "would incur a yearly expenditure of at least \$250,000,000." This is going Mr. Mellon about \$25,000,000 better on the face of the Secretary's top estimate of the cost of the bill for the first four years only. The Treasury's first estimate of the bill's cost was \$80,000,000 a year. The bill hasn't changed—but the Treasury's estimates have. They have trebled in two years.

The action of the Wisconsin, as well as other state associations of manufacturers, is more easily understood after

one scans a letter sent to all members by the president of the National Association of Manufacturers, which says:

If the soldiers' "bonus" should be enacted, not only would any [tax] reduction be absolutely impossible, but, as a matter of fact, it would necessitate an increase over the present rates.

The issue is clear, and in my judgment it carries with it a direct challenge to the industrial leaders of the country to make known immediately to their Congressmen and Senators whether they prefer a reduction of the tax burden or the payment of what is substantially a gratuity to those who served in the recent war and returned home able-bodied.

That, also, is backing up Mr. Mellon with a vengeance, despite the fact that no member of Congress I have been able to find any longer defends the original Mellon contention that there can be no downward tax reduction if the compensation bill passes. Too many persons familiar with government finance—like Congressman Andrew of Massachusetts, a former assistant secretary of the treasury—have shown that taxes can be cut all Mr. Mellon proposed and the compensation bill paid at the same time.

The views of the Manufacturers' Council of New Jersey are set forth in a formal resolution, to wit:

The comparison of soldiers' statutory allowances or a "bonus" payment to wages is economically wrong, because wages is the medium for distributing to workers their share of the fruits of industry, while

Write or Wire Now for Extra Copies of the April 4th Issue of the Weekly

THE April 4th issue of the Weekly will be addressed to the service man who is not a Legionnaire. It will show him what he is missing by staying out of ranks while three-quarters of a million World War veterans, organized in 11,000 posts, are on the march. It will show him that whether he is a member or not, the Legion is doing his fighting for him. When the war was on, he was strong enough to carry his own pack. Somebody else is carrying his pack now if he is not in the Legion.

National Commander Quinn invites the non-member to join in a letter on the front cover of the April 4th issue.

The story of the Legion's great accomplishments in the towns and cities of America is told forcefully.

Photographs of Legion clubhouses—mansions costing huge sums and modest cottages emphasize that the Legionnaire finds a home and a welcome wherever he goes.

Wallgren has drawn a cartoon for the non-member—as good as any he ever drew for the Stars and Stripes in France. Every man who was overseas remembers Wally.

Frederick Palmer tells what membership in the Legion means.

The Weekly's Washington correspondent reviews the fight for adjusted compensation for the benefit of the veteran who has not been following that fight in detail.

The Legion's fight for other legislation to benefit all the service men of the United States, particularly the disabled, is summarized. No non-member can read these articles without realizing that he has been letting others do his fighting for him.

The story of the Auxiliary is told. The service man who stays outside the Legion is unfair to his mother, his wife, his sister and his daughter.

These and many other features will make the April 4th issue one that each post will wish to place in the hands of the non-members in its community.

More than 1,000 posts ordered more than 200,000 extra copies of February issues of the Weekly for distribution to service men and the public. Many orders for the special February 1st issue were received too late. The supply was exhausted early. Five hundred posts made sure of getting copies by sending in orders by wire. The demand for the April 4th issue will be equally large.

Write or wire today for extra copies of the April 4th issue. The price is three cents each. Address Circulation Department, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

the fruit of our victory in the World War included neither land, nor spoils, nor tribute, but only . . . glory and satisfaction . . . and the share of our soldiers and sailors in that glory is not measurable in money.

What form, one is prompted to ask, did the fruits of victory enjoyed by the manufacturers of New Jersey assume? Only glory and satisfaction? Or were there some incidental gains "measurable in money"—from war contracts, for instance?

The National Association of Upholstered Furniture Manufacturers contributes the remonstrance that—

The payment of a "bonus" to able-bodied former soldiers of the late war is un-American and unpatriotic.

The *Business Chronicle* published at Seattle, which, one reads, "has earned the distinction of being universally recognized as the interpretative authority on business and economic affairs" in the Pacific Northwest, adds to that distinction with a long article conspicuously entitled, "Soldier Bonus Inspired by Russian Bolsheviki." The *Chronicle* proceeds to relate that as a matter of established fact "the projected soldier bonus . . . was initiated as a part of the soviet conspiracy to overthrow the orderly government of the United States."

The writer is gracious enough to absolve The American Legion from complicity in this conspiracy. He merely puts Legionnaires down as a bunch of boobies who "have fallen for the soviet's demands." This delicacy will be much appreciated by any ex-service man who reads his article, which, by the way, is available to eastern veterans in the files of the *New York Commercial*. The *Commercial* republished it in the course of a stiff anti-compensation crusade that journal is carrying on and combing the Wall Street district with solicitors to raise funds for the same. It is also defending Doheny and Sinclair and conducting a campaign of vituperation against Senator Walsh of Montana who uncovered the Teapot Dome scandal.

I have spoken before of the prejudiced attitude of a large section of the press on the compensation question, but I have not spoken of it often enough to suit many of my correspondents. It seems that the conduct of a great many newspapers and magazines, hitherto respected as eminently fair purveyors of news, has aroused the resentment of many people. I suppose the *Weekly* has received a thousand letters on this subject alone, and many of these letters do not appear to come from service men. The press, of course, has been subjected to the same pressure that certain unfortunate employees of corporations have. It is the same pressure that Congress has felt and still feels. Big advertisers have put the screws on, and the publisher either responded or faced a loss of advertising revenue which is the life-blood of journalism. The *Weekly* has felt the pinch, and felt it keenly. It has lost thousands of dollars' worth of advertising because it has not been deterred from mentioning names in its accounts of who is fighting adjusted compensation—and how.

Here is what the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, an anti-"bonus" paper, says in an editorial headed "Ill-Advised Propaganda":

We have no objection to requests or suggestions from advertising agencies, but



10 Shaves
FREE
See Coupon

My Life Work

The finest Shaving Cream you will ever know

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

I have devoted my life to soap chemistry. We have here developed some of the greatest soaps created. One of them—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Our greatest ambition for years has been to perfect the supreme Shaving Cream. And we have done that, beyond question. Millions of men now concede it.

1,000 men consulted

Our first step was to ask 1,000 men what they most desired in a Shaving Cream.

We made up 130 formulas which we discarded.

Then we attained, by many times over, the best Shaving Cream in existence. It is winning men by the millions, as they try it.

* * *

"Don't change from the cream you like now until you see what Palmolive Shaving Cream does. But make this test. You owe it to yourself and to us. Try ten shaves, and let the results show if we have excelled the rest.

Excels in 5 ways

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one-half gram suffices for a shave.

It softens the beard in one minute. No hot towels, no finger rubbing.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created "Palmolive After Shaving Talc"—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

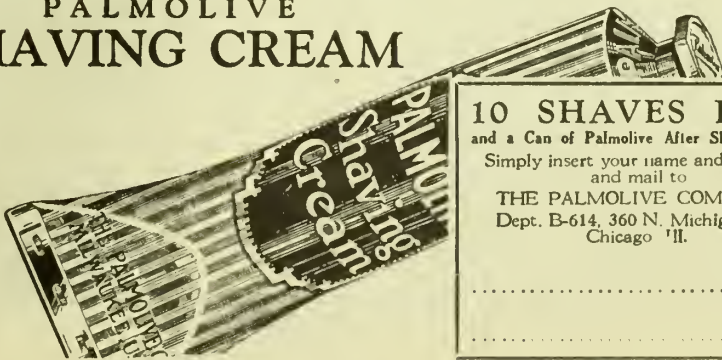
There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

Super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting.

The palm and olive oil blend acts as a lotion, leaving fine after-effects.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



©P.Co. 1924

10 SHAVES FREE

and a Can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Dept. B-614, 360 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago '11.

when letters come from them in mass, with practically the same wording and argument, urging this paper at the request of advertising clients to take a particular course with regard to a public question, they inevitably arouse a suspicion of a combined effort of advertisers to influence the course of the paper, regardless of conscience or judgment. The situation smacks of a conspiracy to force the newspaper to support the measure advocated by the weight of advertising influence.

If I had the space and you had the patience I might add greatly to the list of industrial associations and the like which go to make up the powerful and powerfully knit opposition to the veterans adjusted compensation bill. They not only work assiduously, neglecting nothing that may constitute an obstacle in the path of this legislation, but they observe every move of the two or three representatives of the Legion, and the others who are here in Washington working on the other side. A few hours after John Thomas Taylor of the Legion's Legislative Committee had mentioned to the House Ways and Means Committee the other week that Elbert H. Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation was a financial backer of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, that news had been flashed to New York and Judge Gary's agent was in the committee room to find out how it came that his employer's name had been brought into the discussion.

As in previous years the guiding genius of much of the anti propaganda is the United States Chamber of Commerce. Two years ago Julius H. Barnes, president of the Chamber, wrote Hanford MacNider, then National Commander, that if Taylor were in the employ of the Chamber he would be fired. Mr. MacNider wrote back that that was one reason the Legion had so little fault to find with Taylor's work. What nettled Mr. Barnes just then was an analysis Taylor had made public of the Chamber's famous poll of its membership on the adjusted compensation question. Taylor showed how this poll had been manipulated in order to obtain a majority against a cash or general "bonus," while the Legion was not advocating such a bonus, but a fourfold bill with no cash option in excess of fifty dollars.

This took the steam out of the Chamber's poll and the Chamber has never

forgotten it. At the San Francisco convention last fall the Chamber sent a telegram—signed by Mr. Barnes, as I recall—to Mr. Owsley, asking the Legion to repudiate the Taylor statement. Mr. Owsley turned the matter over to

The tension here will increase from now on. The decisive contest will come presently now in the Senate on a motion to override the veto of the President, which is regarded as certain. The pro-compensationists need sixty-

four votes to do that. At the present moment they have those votes—have them promised, I mean. The antis admit it, as I noted in some detail last week. But as Brother O'Callahan says, they do not concede defeat. They need thirty-three votes, and think they have twenty-eight of them. They are out for the remaining five and out for them hard—promises or no promises.

Meanwhile the opposition has substituted for the hammer-and-tongs tactics subtle injunctions to Congressmen to "vote against any legislation which would conflict with" the Mellon tax reduction schedules, which they hope to see the Senate restore in the tax bill. Superficial investigation discloses that these letters from all over the country are similar in phrasing—the infallible stamp of the quantity production method so much in vogue now.

How a Senator votes is largely a private matter between him and the folks back home.

M. J.

From Congressman Fairfield

March 8, 1924.

To the Editor of *The American Legion Weekly*: Your issue of February 29th quotes me as having voted in the Republican House caucus against Resolution No. 2, which provides that the Ways and Means Committee report both a tax reduction bill and a compensation bill. I voted for that resolution. I have been for the adjusted compensation for five years, voted for it and voted to override the veto of President Harding. I have not changed my mind and will continue to support that legislation.

I know that you did not intentionally put me in a wrong light before the soldier boys and kindly ask that you will insert this letter in your next issue.—LOUIS W. FAIRFIELD, 12th District, Indiana.

In the Weekly of March 14th on page 14 the statement was made that "Julius Kahn, the New York banker," had denied that his name was included with others as signers of a telegram urging action to defeat the adjusted compensation bill. The New York banker referred to is Otto Weekly that he has no connection with Kahn, who has stated in a letter to the any movement to prevent the passage of the Adjusted Compensation Bill. The use of the name of Julius Kahn was inadvertent.



Drawn by Quincy Scott, Commander, Department of Montana, The American Legion

BUT THE ALLOTMENT DID NOT INCREASE

the Committee on Legislation, which reaffirmed the Taylor statement. A resolution of the convention characterized the Chamber's poll as "cleverly manipulated and distorted into the appearance of a mandate of opposition to the said adjusted compensation measure."

Well, sometime before the recent Ways and Means Committee hearings on compensation started the Chamber sent a letter to every member of Congress reiterating that the organization "was committed by a vote of 1,231½ to 467½ against any form of cash bonus or deferred cash payment to able-bodied ex-service men." When the hearings came around Mr. Taylor laid before the committee a copy of his analysis of that vote and the manner in which the poll was taken. That same day a representative of the Chamber hurried down to the committee room to verify the report he had received of Taylor's action. The next morning President Barnes arrived from New York. The committee hearings were over. Commander Quinn was here, passing through from the South. Mr. Barnes went to see him and made a strong plea for the withdrawal of the Taylor memorandum from the committee record. Mr. Barnes returned to New York with his mission unaccomplished.



Post Caps!

SPECIFICATIONS

- STYLE: Overseas type.
- MATERIAL: 12-ounce Uniform cloth.
- COLOR: American Legion Blue.
- EMBLEM: Silk embroidered in full Legion colors.
- LETTERING: Gold silk embroidered. Post number on left side and full State name (no abbreviations) on the right. All letters and numerals are $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in size.
- TRIMMINGS: Gold silk piping. Tan sateen lining. Genuine leather sweat band.

PRICES

- 1-24 caps. \$2.25 each, complete
- 24 or more caps. 2.00 each, complete

REMEMBER your first issue cap—didn't fit worth a darn did it? They all seemed to be made in two sizes—too big and too small. Wasn't it a "grand and glorious feeling," when by swapping or swiping you finally got one that fit. These new Legion Post caps are different though—each one is made for the man who is to wear it. They fit perfectly and what's more they feel fine on the head. Man alive, but they're snappy!

Memorial Day your community will look to your Post—The American Legion—to take the lead in proper observance of the day. What a splendid showing your Post would make if each man turned out with a Post cap. And there's Armistice Day, Post funerals and Conventions to think of, too. Post caps will enable your Post to make a creditable and dignified showing at all turn-outs, and at a moderate cost. Use the coupon below in placing a sample order—or better still order for your entire Post at one time; it's cheaper.

—Two Weeks Delivery

Write for Catalog

Tear off and mail today!

EMBLEM DIVISION, THE AMERICAN LEGION, INDIANAPOLIS

Please send me at your risk _____ American Legion Post caps. I will pay post-
man \$ _____ (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. It is understood
however that if the caps are not exactly as represented that my money will be
refunded promptly upon return of the caps. Caps to be following sizes:

6 3/4	6 3/8	7	7 1/8	7 1/4	7 3/8	7 1/2
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Caps to be Lettered _____

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

Broad Highways of Democracy

(Continued from page 4)

"I can demonstrate that even at the low cost of gas today it pays in cash to issue bonds and convert bad roads into good ones. Broadly speaking, the difference in hauling cost between a bad road and a good one to the motorist is one cent for each mile for each ton."

The man who has no motor will likely put up his nose here and say that he isn't interested. But he is. The cost of what goes on his table will be less if the motorist can deliver it to him for less. And anyhow, the motorist pays the freight. He is the man who is building the good roads. But that is a matter to be taken up later. Let's get back to the war.

It was the war that demonstrated that the railroads could not handle all the business in time of national emergency, and that in the event of a war fought on our own soil we would need dependable transportation lines apart from the steel rails. So in 1916 Congress passed the first general act, which gave Federal aid to the States which would consent to build highways up to a certain standard and under certain conditions. Congress does do big things now and then. We may revile Congress, but it does deliver now and then.

One of the provisions of that act was that each participating State must have a state highway department through which government co-operation could be worked out. Seventeen States had no such thing on the premises. They created them. Several others had to revise or strengthen their departments. Now every one has a functioning highway department and in almost every instance—perhaps in every instance—"the highway department is the largest and best paid in the state government. It is almost invariably free from politics."

Highways were not free from politics when I was a kid—not by a nautical mile. There was graft and carelessness and inefficiency everywhere. Every culvert had its value of one sort or another to the county commissioners. But MacDonald says that the people at home will not stand for this sort of thing any more. Since almost every one of us has an automobile—"we estimate that there will be 15,000,000 gas-propelled vehicles on the roads in 1924"—or at least rides in one now and then. The roads mean too much to us to permit any horse-headed politician to feather his nest at the expense of our car-springs. And the state departments notch in well with that of the Federal Government. Sometimes fifty percent of the cost of a new road is granted if certain conditions are complied with. They are, roughly, that the road to be improved shall be in the newly planned Federal-state network which is to connect all our county seats, that it shall be improved along certain lines, and that it shall be inspected and maintained up to a named standard.

That's what the war did for us. But there is more to come. The States saw the advantage of the new policy. They all cut in on the plan. But when it came to actually taking advantage of the Federal proposition there were obstacles sighted. One was the cost of maintenance. The Federal Government demanded that certain things be done. To do them the States would have been

forced to buy very costly equipment, and taxes were even then rising to a height which brought groans from your Uncle Dudley, who paid them. The state participation in the Federal plan might have been confined to hearty cheering on the part of some States except that the war helped them out.

In order to play our part in the war we had bought millions of dollars' worth of trucks and scrapers and tractors and ploughs. After the Armistice we did not need them. The Army and Navy were given all they could handle—oh, yes, the Navy uses ploughs and scrapers—and all the other government departments were stocked up with all such devices they could show a need for, and still there was a stock left on hand. A proposal that they be sold at public auction brought anguished groans from the automobile manufacturers. Their case was rather a good one, too. Such a sale would have put a new and special dent in the business situation, which was bad enough just then anyhow.

Therefore the trucks and tractors and scrapers and ploughs—\$300,000,000 worth of them—were turned over to the state highway departments. And they have been hard at work ever since. It seems that it is time that some mathematics were set into this story. Elsewhere there is a table, by which the state of our highway system can be seen at a glance. But for the moment here is enough to ponder on:

Sixty thousand miles of road have been surfaced—which does not mean completed—and 26,586 miles have been completed, in the Federal Aid Highway System. In the system of good roads maintained by the States, mostly in conjunction with the Federal plan, there are 30,200 more miles of good roads. The Federal Government is now helping to build 15,000 more miles of good roads. When the Federal Government gets through with the present plan it will have built or helped to build 170,000 miles of good roads. That will take ten years at the programmed rate of 11,000 miles a year.

MacDonald thinks that we must learn to think of transportation as a part of our plan of life, as much as is production or consumption. We in the cities cannot eat and those of us on the farms cannot prosper unless what the one raises can be put on the other's table. Hence the immense value of good roads. But that is not all. MacDonald has what at first seemed to me the heretical idea that good roads are not to be considered primarily for the purpose of hauling crops to town. It only shows how one can go dawdling along in a mental rut until some one drags him out of it. All my life I had considered good roads chiefly as the means of getting corn to the mill.

"Not a bit of it," says MacDonald. "If the good roads through the farming districts were put on the same financial basis as the railroads, that is, if they were compelled to justify by earning the cost of building and upkeep, they could not do it. They do not earn enough. They would go bankrupt."

This is his theory. Wheat, corn, hogs, potatoes, the heavy crops of the farm, are usually hauled to market in off times, and when the roads are good. When the roads are bad the farmer can

When nerves
are taut
Beeman's
keeps you
"poised" and
keen — its
daily use is

"a sensible
habit"



BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

Easy to PLAY—



**Easy to
PAY**

The Saxophone is the easiest of all wind instruments to play and the sweetest in tone. In an hour you can learn to play the scale and soon play popular airs. Nothing can take its place for Home, Lodge, Church or School Entertainment.

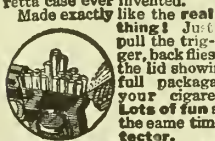
BUESCHER TRUE TONE SAXOPHONE

Is a marvelous instrument—the only one with convenient "snap-on pads." Easy payment terms can be arranged if desired, making it very easy to pay. Six days' free trial allowed. Write for Free Book about the Saxophone and Complete Catalog.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
6580 BUESCHER BLOCK ELKHART, INDIANA

HANDS UP!

Get one of these little beauties right now, and protect yourself against hold-up thugs, rowdies, etc. and at the same time it serves as the best novelty cigarette case ever invented.



Made of light weight metal, gun metal finish, 4 1/2 inches long. Sold exclusively by us. Order at once, supply limited. Special introductory price. \$1.79 each. Pay postman on delivery our price plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.

PATHFINDER COMPANY
Dept. P14 534 Sixth Avenue New York

is! Want him to think he's getting away with it—can't you see?"

A slow smile spread over Chuck's face.

"Say—I'm not such a nitwit as you'd think from the way I've shaped so far," he said. "I'll get on to things in a minute—I'm just sort o' slow, that's all. Miss Barbara'd tell you that, too. Sure, I get you. She goes like she lies for now—right!"

"Good egg!" said Bill. He was beginning to have hopes of Chuck—and that wasn't so bad, because he was going to need help; he could see that. Aside from other considerations, he could personally be in only one place at a time, and the enemy was numerous enough, and apparently clever enough, to overcome that particular difficulty.

"Keep fussing with that carburetor, Chuck," said Bill. "If I make a face race the engine—that'll make a smoke screen. We haven't got much time. Now—who's Galloway?"

"Galloway?" said Chuck, and his puzzled look disturbed Bill; he had been sure, somehow, that Chuck would know all about Galloway. "Why-uh—there's a Galloway in town here—real estate man."

"Friend of the Governor's?"

"Not that I know of—specially," said Chuck. "Guess the Governor knows him—like he knows everyone."

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing much. Got an office in the First National Bank building—does a lot of business in small houses. Ain't nothin' special to know about him, I'd say."

"All right!" said Bill. He'd have to look this Galloway up, but he'd probably draw a blank. The name, after all, wasn't an uncommon one. "Now, Chuck—!"

"Sir!"

"Here's your job. Stick to this man that's playing Winston like a burr. I want you to be able to tell me everything he's done, everyone he's seen, everywhere he goes. Keep notes, too—don't trust to your memory. If you don't know who anyone is he talks with, do all you can to find out. That's likely to be mighty important. And—how do we keep in touch?"

"Been thinkin' about that," said Chuck. "I can call you—that's easy. You gettin' me—that's not so good. Just one place that's sure and safe—the Premier Garage. They're open all night. I'll be there every night at one a. m. and stick around half an hour. How's that?"

"Best we can do," said Bill. "Let it go at that for now. If you get on to anything call me at the Washington in Seattle and leave word—if you don't get me, try for Miss Winston. What's this faker done since he landed here?"

"Nothing much—stayed right in the house. Done a lot of telephoning, I guess. Mostly he's been at the desk going over papers."

Bill nodded.

"Sure!" he said. "That's just what he would do—go over everything—letter files and everything else. But—my Lord—how does he figure on getting away with a bluff like that? The Governor's secretary—"

Chuck laughed.

"He's crazy—like a fox," he said. "Mr. Carson was the boss's secretary till he went abroad. But he quit then, and he broke in a new man—a young fellow called Blake. The Governor

COME ON BUDDY



"Shoot two bits"?

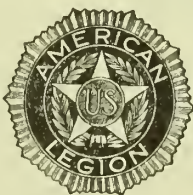
We will cover your money, Buddy!

THE FIGHT IS ON—YOUR FIGHT

The big fight is on. It is a fight for recognition of justice for service men and the Legion's fight for existence. A fierce attack has been waged against the Legion. The first offensive staggered it. The Legion's big counter-attack began February first. Many effective blows have been struck at the opposition since then. The interests that are trying to destroy The American Legion can be defeated by an increased membership. Decisive victory is yours if you shoot straight and shoot now. Your two bits will get a new member.

WHAT YOU DO

Shoot two bits to help bring a Buddy of yours into your American Legion post. As a live and loyal Legionnaire, please do it.



HOW YOU DO IT

Wrap a twenty-five cent piece in this circular. Write the name and address of a service man on the coupon. Mail both to Comrade Frank Samuel at National Headquarters.

WHAT WE DO

You send us your quarter, *we do the rest*. We go after the man whose name you send. We send him an invitation from the National Commander to join your Post. We mail material that will sell the Legion to him. We send him a guest card inviting him to attend your next meeting. We write to your Post officials. We cooperate with them in getting the service man whose name you send us to join. In other words, your quarter sent to National Headquarters to be used in this manner discharges your obligation to your Post and to the Legion. Send in the quarter—we do the work.

SHOOT TWO BITS NOW!

Comrade Frank Samuel
Organization and Membership Division
National Headquarters
The American Legion
Indianapolis, Indiana

Dear Frank:

I am an active and loyal Legionnaire. Here are two bits. You do the work. Get a new member with this quarter!

Here is the prospect.....

Address

City..... State.....

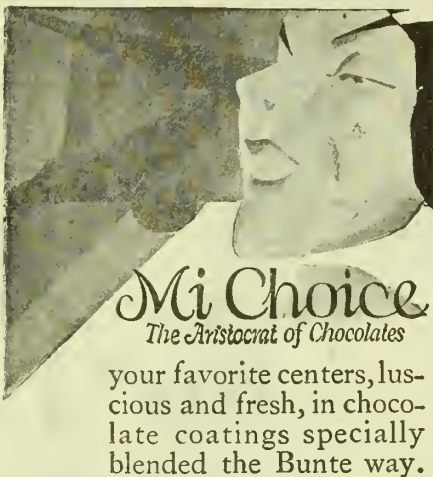
My name is.....

My mailing address.....

I belong to Post No..... at.....

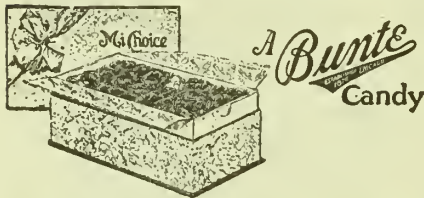
INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the blank. Place a quarter on the emblem in the center of this sheet. Fold it over on all sides so that money will be secure. Mail this at once!

(The above is an exact copy of a dodger which will be sent you by your Post. Be sure to get yours and use it. This page is a sample of the dodger and is not intended for use.)



Mi Choice
The Aristocrat of Chocolates

your favorite centers, luscious and fresh, in chocolate coatings specially blended the Bunte way.



BUNTE BROTHERS · CHICAGO

MEN WANTED



We have positions open now that will pay from \$45 to \$100 a week. We are organizing a sales force to introduce the Cole Visible Gasoline Gauge, a low-priced, scientifically accurate instrument for Ford and Chevrolet cars. Prevents running out of gas. Guards against short measure. Fits on instrument board—always in sight. Big selling records.

MAKE \$50 THE FIRST WEEK

We want one man in each county. Our campaign is just beginning. Capital is not necessary. We help you start. Territory going fast. Write to

THE STEMCO ENGINEERING CO.,
118 Webb St., Dayton, O.

PAT. 2-9-13; 5-1-17;
7-16-18; 10-19-20

Why Burn Coal

or wood when you can burn gas in your stove or heater by installing a Uni-Hete Kerosene Burner (with exclusive 1924 features) in five minutes time. It gasifies common kerosene to the hottest and cheapest fuel known. Does away with dirt and high fuel cost. Heat regulated to any degree by valve. Increases stove efficiency 100%. Has brought joy and economy to thousands. **FREE TRIAL.** Saves its cost in 30 days. Write quick for full particulars and introductory price.

Special Offer to Agents

Today's fuel prices make the Uni-Hete a big money maker for agents. We have made oil heating devices for 33 years. **Acorn Brass Mfg. Co., 324 Acorn Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Be independent—be a leader. Lawyers earn

\$3,000 to \$10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Let us send you records and letters from LaSalle students admitted to the bar in various states. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Thousands of successful students enrolled. Low cost, easy terms. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Get our valuable 120-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books FREE. Send for them—NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 3361-L, Chicago

Your Outfit's Photograph

In '17, '18 or '19 your organization was photographed. It's the only photograph of the "bunch" as you and they were then. It can never be taken again. Get a copy now, while you can, for your children and their children's children. If your outfit was photographed we can supply it. Give full name—camp and date. Price \$3.00.

COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

just saw Blake a couple of times. Mr. Carson didn't quit for keeps—just for a few months to attend to some business east. His brother died, and Mr. Carson had to take care of the estate. And this young chap Blake was a friend of his."

"I see. Carson may be in the plot—or it may just have happened. Anyway, it's made to order for them. Blake could be fooled. Trouble is—half the people that couldn't be fooled could perfectly well be in on the scheme—unless I miss my guess money's no object, this time."

"L'kout—" Chuck's whisper came to Bill's ears, hoarsely, through the sudden roar of the motor. And Bill looked up and saw the pseudo-governor approaching.

"All ready, Mr. Patterson, they tell me!" he said, cheerfully. "But I wish I could persuade you to spend the night."

"Don't tempt me, sir," said Bill. "I'd really better get along, though."

So he got the bag for Barbara and took his departure.

He was thinking hard as he drove. The more people like Barbara and Chuck didn't know anyone called Galloway the more he became convinced that he was, in some fashion, an important factor.

He used his inventive powers as he drove. What he wanted was trouble that would incapacitate the car for the night, but that could easily be mended in the morning. He speeded up, abruptly, just before a turn; stopped, beyond it, and, working swiftly, loosened the fan belt. He was off again before any pursuing car could round the curve. But, oddly enough, his radiator began to boil within a couple of miles. And who so surprised as Bill, when he got out to investigate the trouble, and found the fan belt had slipped. He confided his opinions of fan belts to a kindly man in a Ford who stopped to see if he could help.

"Nothing serious," Bill said. "I can fix it all right. Thanks just the same."

This was, he was pretty sure, his shadow. Bill was relieved when he drove on. He had attained his first object—a chance to do some dirty work under the hood without arousing suspicion. And this, when he was again alone, he proceeded to do.

The successful artist is very often just a man who takes infinite pains with details. Some men, in Bill's place, would have cut wires, crudely, until they hung by a single thread. Bill didn't; he rubbed a stone against them, with great patience. That was one item. Tenderly and scientifically he loosened nuts about the vacuum tank, and less tenderly assailed the carburetor itself. Finally he loosened certain essential nuts and bolts of the steering gear, to the end that they might shake loose. Then he readjusted the fan belt and drove on—at a pace based upon the true condition of the car.

He wasn't disappointed. His improvised sabotage got in its fine work after another mile, when the ignition system suddenly collapsed and the car as suddenly refused to steer. Bill got out; swore loudly for the benefit of any possible hearer, and sat down, after pushing the car to the side of the road, to await developments.

This time it was a motorcyclist who stopped, and the businesslike way in

which he looked over the engine rather shocked Bill. But he seemed to be satisfied.

"Used car?" he said, and, when Bill nodded, "Beats hell how they won't spend a couple of hours fixing 'em up! Nothing wrong here a good mechanic couldn't have kept from happening. But you're out of luck right now. Tell you what I'll do—I'll stop at Mike O'Brien's garage, down the road, and have him come back and tow you in. He'll fix you up and he won't rob you. K. O.?"

"Sure—and much obliged to you!" said Bill. He swore, because the situation so obviously demanded that he should, and then he laughed. "It's one on me, all right!" he said. "I just passed up the only chance I'll ever have to spend the night with a governor, because I was so hell bent on driving to Seattle tonight!"

"Know Governor Winston, do you?" said the motorcyclist. "Well, I guess Mike'll run you back there—"

"Gosh—nothing like that!" said Bill, and grinned. "After the way I talked about getting back? All I hope is the Governor won't hear I broke down!"

The other laughed.

"Sure—I know," he said. "Well, I'll beat it—the sooner I get to him the sooner you can quit sitting here admiring the scenery. It's nice scenery, but I get sort of tired of it, my own self."

A nice spy, this was, Bill thought; a pleasant chap, born, perhaps, for higher things.

He had ample time for meditation and reflection before Mike came. There could be no doubts about Mike. He was the complete mechanic—and treated Bill, accordingly, with a scorn hard to bear, for there was, as it happened, singularly little that Bill couldn't do with or to a car.

"Just bought her and drove her away, eh?" said Mike. "Well, you're lucky, at that. Far as I can see there's no more wrong than I can fix up by noon tomorrow. Get in and steer—I'll hitch a rope and tow her to the shop. Just a minute—I can tighten up that steering gear so she'll answer the helm."

So, humbly, Bill got in and steered the car while Mike's contemptuous flivver pulled it along. A friend of Mike's, passing, was hailed, and drove Bill the rest of the way into town, to the Marcy House, where, after his custom, Mr. William Patterson secured the best, or at least the most expensive, room and bath to be had.

The problem of Galloway engaged him while he ate dinner. The other side might or might not be wholly satisfied about him; Bill had to assume, though, that he was still under observation. So he wanted to meet Galloway accidentally, as it were, and just how to do so was a matter involving some perplexity. He could call upon no one except Chuck for help, and he couldn't get hold of Chuck.

In the end, he telephoned to Galloway from an isolated coin-box booth. He still didn't know, of course, that this was the Galloway he wanted, and the Galloway who answered the telephone seemed to be quite sure he wasn't; he was so sure, in fact, that Bill was convinced that he was.

"You sound like a lunatic to me!" was his cheerful comment upon Bill's somewhat obscure effort to reveal his purpose without giving anything away.

"Well, anyway, I want to see you,"

said Bill. "And I don't want to be seen seeing you, if you get me. You know this town—how'll we manage it?"

"I suppose I've got to humor you," said Galloway. "Go for a walk. Go south three blocks on State Street—then turn to the right at Calhoun and walk on over the bridge over the railway. I'll come along in a sedan and pick you up. If anyone seems to be watching you don't pay any attention to me, but call me up, later, and we'll work out another scheme."

"Right!" said Bill. This sounded good; it was, more or less, according to the established technique of conspiracy. Also it indicated the possession of some knowledge, at least, by Galloway. So Bill went for his walk, and, assuring himself that he wasn't followed, was, in due course, picked up by a man perhaps forty-five years old with slightly gray hair and a shrewd, keen face. They drove with only fragmentary talk out into open country; after five miles, perhaps, Galloway stopped and backed his car into a lane.

"Now!" he said. "Shoot! Where do you come in?"

Bill told him all—or almost all—he knew. He stopped at his arrival at Winston's house, however. Galloway nodded, and bit more firmly into his cigar.

"That all fits in," he said. "They've got John C.—and a lot of good that'll do them! They figured on bluffing him, probably. But they've got the wrong man for that. And they didn't allow for you in their calculations. You can prove, you see, that John C. didn't disappear of his own free will. That's serious—for them."

Bill jumped. He hadn't thought of that. But he could see how enormously that fact strengthened the Governor's hand—assuming him to be not unwilling to see the railways have their way if they could get it without ruining his political career.

"Yes—I see," said Bill. "But the Governor seemed to want something done. He told me to get hold of you."

"Well—he'd do that, all right," said Galloway. He considered Bill, thoughtfully. "I guess you size up all right," he said. "John C. seems to have banked on you. Guess I can loosen up some."

"I suppose I'm about as good a friend as John C. has," he continued. "Mighty few people know it, though—for lots of reasons. I can do a whole lot for him if people don't know we're close—things no known friend of his could tackle. Personal things—political things."

"I guess I understand what's happened—up to a certain point. The railways aren't mixed up in this—unless it's indirectly. The man behind the gun is Hornaday. Now Hornaday's a big man, and a queer man. He's got a finger in pretty nearly all the pies there are around this country. Banks, railways, industrials—but especially lumber. He owns more standing timber than anyone in the Northwest, I guess."

"And he's a chap who's got big vision. He isn't like most of the men who chew up forests for pulp. He looks beyond the end of his nose. He's got a short line right now—a connecting link between the Midland and the G. N.—that's a gold mine for him—controls enough traffic so he can make the big roads play dead for him any time he whistles. And what was it? Just a narrow-gauge logging road he built to

open up timber land. He's cashed in on that sort of thing right along.

"But he isn't quite big enough to see that the spoke John C. and his commission have shoved in his wheel isn't going to hurt him in the long run. I don't know quite what he's after—neither does John C. It's something—and I guess John C. figured he'd get further by not starting his fight too soon."

"But—I've got to tell you," interposed Bill, "that it looked to me as if the Governor wasn't surprised by what happened on the train—"

"Well? What of it? I can see how that could be. Look here, Patterson—you know a lot, but you haven't got your political education yet. Hornaday could kill John C.'s chances for the Senate in two minutes. But—suppose John C. gets something on him?"

"Well—?"

"Suppose he lets Hornaday get away with this stunt—up to a certain point? Suppose he turns on him, then, and says something like this: 'I'm in a position to prove what's been going on here. I've got a witness you don't know about at all.' Could they stand exposure? I'll tell the world they couldn't! And if I know anything about John C. that's just the line he's taking. You see your being there made all the difference. It gives John C. the whip hand any time he wants to use it. He can make them give him everything he's been figuring on having to fight for."

"Ye-es," said Bill. His mind was working swiftly. "I can see that—part way. But—suppose they do know about me?"

"Have to watch you—see that they don't get you. I'm paying you the compliment of assuming they couldn't buy you."

"I don't think they can," said Bill. "But—I think they know about me. For one thing—there was that telegram—"

"I've been studying about that," said Galloway. "And I remember now I got a long wire from John C., from Chicago. And he told me there was one of Hornaday's inside crowd on the Century—Billy Harbison. That was the one the telegram you got was meant for, I guess. Still—they can't know so much about you, yet. They'll have a shot at you—and if they found out you saw Barbara they'll be after her, too, most likely."

"They'd better leave me alone," said Bill. He frowned. There were a lot of things about this show he didn't like. One was the way all these people—Winston, Barbara, now Galloway—took incredible things as a matter of course. And now Galloway went on.

"Nothing much for us to do," he said. "Not yet. We've got to wait and see what they do next."

Bill grinned, maliciously. He rather thought he was going to surprise some one at last.

"They've done it," said Bill. And he told about the present occupant of the Governor's home.

"What?" Galloway fairly shouted his exclamation. It was his turn to jump, with a vengeance. "What the devil's this?"

Bill enjoyed, very much, the concise narration that answered that question, during which Galloway's calm fell from him and he became as badly frightened and worried a man as Bill had ever seen.

"Martin!" said Galloway, with a deep

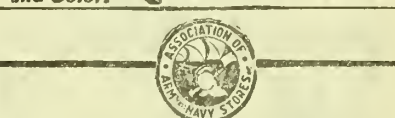
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breath. "By God—they got him—the rat!"

"Martin? Martin who—?"
"Never mind that now!" snapped Galloway. "Lord—they can get away with it—too—for long enough! And that cancels you! They can produce a hundred people to swear they saw John C. right here when your story'd have him a thousand miles away! Who knows, so far?"

"Just the people at the house, I'd say. And they fell—hard. Even Chuck—till I wised him up. He could see I was right then."

"He wouldn't help—no good on earth as a witness," said Galloway. He was still for a moment; then his foot pressed his starter and his motor roared out.

"What now?" asked Bill.

"I'm going to the house. Going to see what's what—and why."

"Me—I stay in the car—what?" said Bill. "I'm not craving to be seen around there again tonight."

Galloway only nodded. He was busy driving—and if there were any speed laws in that region, Bill decided, Galloway had forgotten about them.

It was pretty late when they reached the Governor's house. One window was lighted on the third floor; on the upper floor of the garage there was a light, too. And—in the room in which Bill had been received. The window was unshaded, too; Bill could see a figure at the desk. Galloway hesitated a moment, then resolutely stepped up on the veranda and tapped at the window. The next moment he opened it and went in, and Bill heard a muffled exclamation.

He saw the impersonator of Governor Winston start up and stare, in a manner to betoken both alarm and anger, at Galloway. And he saw something else; the way the masquerader's hand went out, furtively, to do something under the desk. Bill slipped out of the car—taking care to leave both doors open. Swiftly and silently he crossed a patch of moonlight and reached the dark shelter of the veranda and waited.

In a moment a board creaked, not three feet from him. A man had stepped up from the ground. As he went toward the French window Bill could see that he was carrying a pistol, loosely, as men do who know how to use a gun. Bill took one quick step; everything he knew went into the blow that he sent to the point of the newcomer's chin. And the man went down with a single choked cry, cleanly, absolutely knocked out.

As if the sound of his fall had been a signal turmoil broke out in the library. And the next instant two men came crashing through the window, carrying frame and sash with them, in a horrid crash of breaking glass.

"Patterson!" Galloway's voice rose high. "Start the car!"

Bill leaped to obey; he was already swinging the sedan around when Galloway heaved the pretended governor in bodily, climbed in himself, and cried out to Bill to drive away.

"Very nice—very neat and scientific!" said Bill. "Did you kill him or will he recover?"

"He's all right!" said Galloway, breathing hard. "Here—stop her. I know where we're going. Get back and see that he keeps quiet. Well—they've got our Governor, but we've got theirs! Fair enough—what?"

"I'll say it is!" said Bill.

(To be continued)

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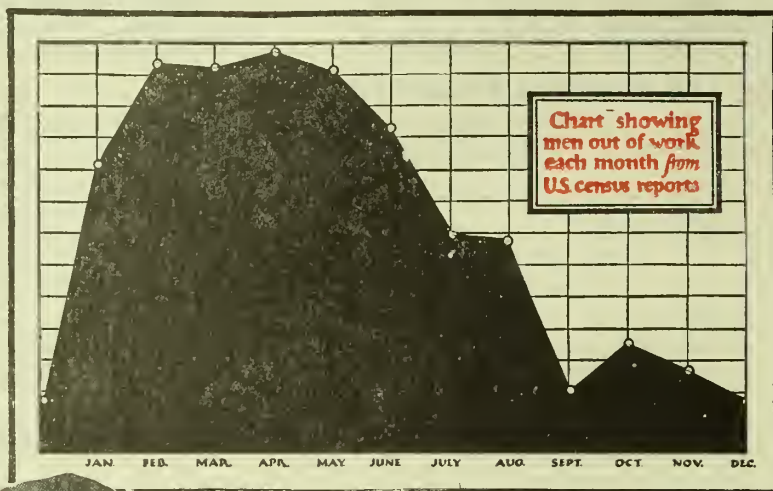
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